



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

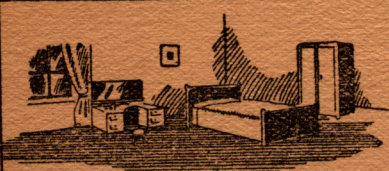
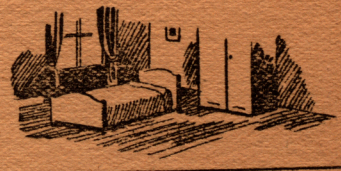

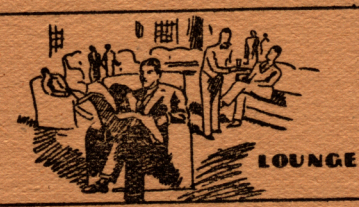
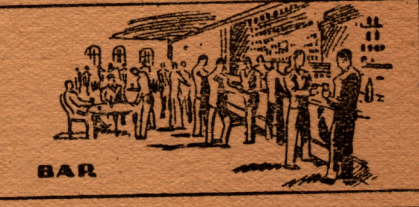

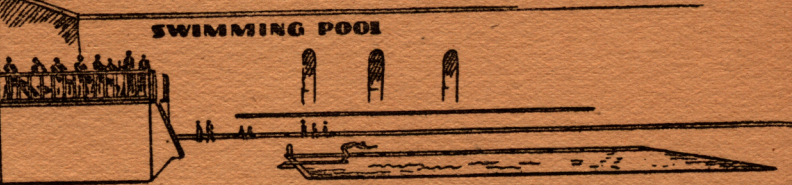
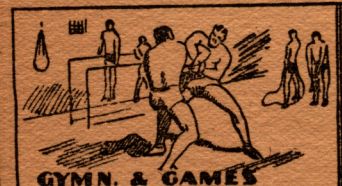




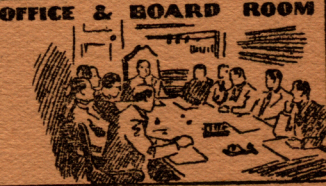
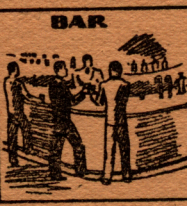


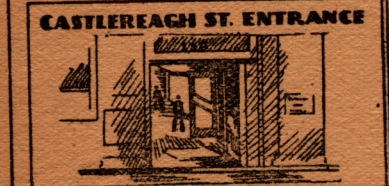
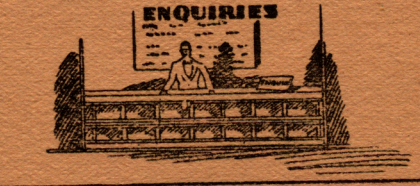

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 18. No. 2. April, 1945.





# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

		<b>BEDROOMS</b>				FLOOR <b>5</b>	
		<b>DINING ROOM</b>				<b>LOUNGE</b>	FLOOR <b>4</b>
		<b>BAR</b>					
		<b>LADIES REST ROOM</b>				<b>SWIMMING POOL</b>	FLOOR <b>3</b> me 33.
		<b>GYMN. &amp; GAMES</b>				<b>TREATMENT</b>	FLOOR <b>3</b>
		<b>CARD ROOMS</b>				<b>BUFFET &amp; BAR</b>	FLOOR <b>2</b>
		<b>BILLIARDS</b>				<b>OFFICE &amp; BOARD ROOM</b>	
		<b>CLUB ROOM</b>				<b>BAR</b>	FLOOR <b>1</b>
		<b>BARBER</b>				<b>GROCERIES</b> TELE- PHONES	
		<b>CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE</b>				<b>ENQUIRIES</b>	GROUND FLOOR
		<b>ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE</b>					





Established 14th May,  
1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET  
SYDNEY



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T. T. MANNING

AT long last this grim European struggle is rushing to a climax, not through wishful thinking, but on account of team-work among the United Nations, co-ordinated and synchronised as never previously in military history. Its scale is tremendous, as is its sweep. The world is shaking under its impact; the recoil will be terrific.

Recovery—that is, return to equilibrium from disequilibrium—in physical and economic terms, will be a long, painful process. The wash-up will harbour as many problems, national and international, as did the belt-up; for what one nation could not do alone in war, no single nation may achieve in peace.

At the first bracing whiff of security, so-called, the illusioned may believe that hereafter the world may run on wheels. To be remembered is that the world will first have to be dug out of the debris and put back on wheels. No planning in wartime will have demanded more skill, persistence and—patience. And then the knock-out of Japan remains, unless the unexpected—which is to say, the miracle—happens. Don't let us count on that.

So the task remains a tough one. We will find that, after our war effort, we will be called upon for post-war effort. Whatever the call, we in this club won't be found wanting.

Vol. 18—No. 2.

April, 1945.



# The Club Man's Diary

## BIRTHDAYS.

### APRIL—

- 5th, Norman McLeod.  
6th, R. W. Evans.  
8th, M. V. Gibson.  
10th, K. A. Bennett, W. R. Dovey, K.C.  
12th, C. L. Fader.  
23rd, D. Lotherington.  
24th, H. R. McLeod.  
30th, P. T. Kavanagh.

### MAY—

- 1st, V. H. Moodie, John Dolden.  
3rd, Roy Miller.  
4th, L. M. Browne, D. F. Stewart.  
5th, W. M. Jennings.  
6th, H. C. Bartley, A. E. Coulthurst.  
7th, L. P. R. Bean, G. A. Crawford.  
12th, Lieut. D. S. Davis, R.A.N.V.R.  
14th, C. E. Blayney.  
15th, J. Goldberg.  
16th, Captain L. S. Loewenthal.  
22nd, De Renzie Rich, Mr. Justice Herron.  
26th, R. B. Barmby, C. R. Tarant, J. T. Hackett.  
28th, G. Chiene.  
30th, Judge Clancy, A. C. Shaw.  
31st, Albert Abel.

\* \* \*

On the opening day of the yearling sales, a day of crush and clamour, Percy Miller was noticed tucked away on a seat in the sun, in splendid isolation. After all, he had seen the show before; in fact, as one observer put it, on many occasions, he had "stolen the show" with his high-priced lots. A friendly fellow is Percy Miller, liked by everybody.

\* \* \*

Some who paid high prices are doomed to disappointment, just as others who paid low prices will strike it lucky. 'Twas ever thus. The gamble goes on, just like mining, the multiplicity of investments, even marriage. A world of assured security and underwritten risks would be a very dull habitation. Adventure is the spice of life.

\* \* \*

Mention at the yearling sales that in all the years there had been sold some high-priced poor stuff and some

low priced good stuff, recalled to George Price the sale of Windbag, which George had trained subsequently. The original buyer at auction, a Mr. Duncan, of N.Z., was not keen on keeping his purchase. Bob Miller—brother of Percy, who bred Windbag—offered 150 guineas, but the New Zealander let the colt go for 125 guineas. Windbag won £36,000 in stakes, including the Melbourne Cup, and proved an outstanding sire.

\* \* \*

The present need of the racing game is another Phar Lap, Windbag or Heroic; probably, a couple of champions in the one season. But that these exceptional horses are only occasional is perhaps best. When they do arrive they are more appreciated by an unsurfeited public. It is idle for anyone to assume that a champion or two will not emerge from the present crop of yearlings. It has happened many times before, and recurrences are the gifts of chance mated with time.

\* \* \*

Apart from the great mental effort required of Reg Inglis, his physical endurance, likewise his unfailing good humour, was something to marvel at. Into a personal evaluation should also come his remarkable memory. After all, he wasn't a blushing beginner. Looking back on his family history, it can be said of Reg that he was bred for the job.

\* \* \*

*An authority says: At full speed a racehorse is entirely free of the ground about one-fourth of the time.*

\* \* \*

Life is so full of sourpusses that we could ill afford to lose a fellow spilling over with good cheer, such as Jim Tanner, who died on March 17. Jim did not need to force his humour any more than he had occasion to seek friends. The one guaranteed the other. For many years he was handicapper to Metropolitan and Provincial Registered Racing Clubs.

\* \* \*

The Kentucky Derby, banned in the order that closed all U.S. race-

courses, may be run if the Government approves plans concocted by men high in the thoroughbred sport. The idea is not to break the continuity of the race, which dates back to 1875, and the proposal is to carry on without taking into consideration the amount of the prize money or the size of the crowd. One suggestion is that there should neither be prize money nor betting.

\* \* \*

Now and again I meet, or either the chairman of this club, or Frank Underwood, introduces — which means often, re-introduces — me to a Rugby Union footballer of other years. These occasions are always so happy, the greetings so cordial — as when Mr. Hill introduced me to Bede Smith, of the "Wallabies," at Randwick races — that some among us should consider, when peace comes, a reunion of those who played the game and those who wrote the game — thirty, forty, years ago.

\* \* \*

*A German commentator on the Berlin radio declares: "There is growing disunity among our enemies. While the Anglo-Saxons are pushing east, the Russians insist on driving west."*

\* \* \*

Veterans at Services v. The Rest match at Sydney Cricket Ground recalled the first team of N.S.W. colts to visit Victoria in 1912. The character of the team was one who had not tasted the delights of travel. Festive occasions usually found him embarrassed. When the drinks were going round he invariably withdrew under the manager's wing. Asked, "What's yours?" he would look over the drinks, tall and short, and say, "I'll have one of those little green things." Creme de menthe, he meant.

\* \* \*

For a fellow with unadulterated innards, the manager recommended lager shandy. But lagers were too tall for this simple fellow. He gauged potency by quantity, so he kept down one or two creme de menthe at each session, and marvelled that there should be such delights in other lands.



"Old 'Un" (writing in "The Bulletin"): Noting Turner's advice "to bowl at the wicket" (B. 28/3/45) I waded through the performances of some of the notable bowlers in Test cricket and this is what I dug out: Ernie Jones, 60 wickets—38 bowled, 19 caught, three l.b.w.; Spofforth, 94 wickets—51 bowled, 38 caught, three l.b.w., two stumped; Turner, 101 wickets—41 bowled, 54 caught, three l.b.w., three stumped; Trumble, 141 wickets—88 caught, 35 bowled, 16 l.b.w., two stumped; Larwood, 64 wickets—35 caught, 25 bowled and four stumped.

\* \* \*

Among the many tragic stories of flying-bomb death and destruction in Britain comes a typically English humorous sidelight. This is the cricket record set up by a batsman during a boys' cricket game in a Surrey village, writes "Salt." He had just hit the ball a mighty swipe when the alarm indicated the approach of a V1 "doodlebug." The fieldsmen ran for cover but the batsmen didn't. When the all-clear sounded and the fieldsmen returned they found a new one-hit record of 69 runs had been made.

\* \* \*

Amid the shouting of the multitude for the heads of Hitler and Musso, we who remember the "hang the Kaiser" cry in the previous war may be pardoned a chuckle. The Kaiser was permitted to escape to the sanctuary of Holland—since sacked by the Huns—and Musso's getaway was too simple to suggest serious measures to hold him. He and, probably, Hitler also, may "escape" at the show-down, unless—as seems likely—they are bumped off unofficially any moment from now.

\* \* \*

The foregoing is, of course, written on the supposition that history may repeat itself for high reasons of State; that is to say, an international court may not deem it politic to establish a precedent by liquidating the chief ruler of a State. So it seems, on the surface, sanctuary, suicide, or "bumping off" at the hands of their own people, for this pair of mass murderers.

\* \* \*

It is a proud thought, and a fervid realisation that, while death is stalking Hitler and Musso, while there

are so many other rulers in exile, with sections threatening to revolt should they return, our King and Queen, and members of the Royal family, retain the loyalty and admiration of all the British peoples.

\* \* \*

W. C. Fields cracked: "The town ran out of whisky. We lived for days on nothing but food and water."

\* \* \*

"Newspaper News" reported the death in London of G. B. Lancaster, novelist and author. Her real name was Edith Joan Lyttleton. Born in Tasmania, she spent her youth mainly in N.Z. on a sheep station. Her first novel was published in 1908; but I had read her short stories before that. One I recall was titled "The Kisses That Shall Last." It told of a youth dying aboard a lugger miles from civilisation, and rambling about his girl. A he-man member of the crew grasped the stricken fellow's hand, speaking words of comfort. The dying man, believing his loved one was with him, responded: "Kiss me, darling; the kisses that shall last." And so he passed.

\* \* \*

One of my newspaper colleagues is finding that the life of a bachelor gay is not all it's cracked up to be. Inhabiting a flat of uncertain tenure, having each evening to chase the scraps for his breakfast, experiencing trouble with laundresses, his recurrent wails so moved us to pity that we planned marriage as a solution of all his troubles. Quite simple, we agreed—just place him in the danger zone. First girl consulted by us for an impersonal view, answered with sweet simplicity: "But he might run for the pedestrian refuge."

\* \* \*

#### Four Minute Miler.

A. J. Hillhouse, formerly Empire Games and Olympic distance runner, Australian one-mile, three-mile and 10,000 metres champion, wrote in "Salt" of the possibilities of a mile being run in four minutes, and added:

"After the war, when many more competitors will be fighting for international honours, a four-minute miler seems almost certain to be discovered.

"The success of negro athletes in the 1936 (Berlin) Games, when they won 100, 200, 400 and 800 metre events and the broad and high jumps, has opened up new possibilities. Perhaps the four-minute miler will be a coloured athlete.

Nurmi predicted that his times would fall to human "robots." These "robots" must have perfect breathing, abnormally slow pulse rates, great muscular strength and the courage to absorb the great physical punishment which the task will involve. Think of running at 15 miles an hour—the sprinter runs only six miles an hour faster.

Is this record-breaker a physical freak? Rarely. Physically, he possesses few unusual characteristics. But most long-distance runners have fine barrel chests—they need them to house strong hearts and lungs. The record-breaker must be an inspired "robot," armed with a hero's fire and courage. He is not necessarily a young man—Glen Cunningham was running in world class at 35 and more. A certain amount of luck is also needed, for man cannot control wind and humidity out of doors.

Are champions born? To some extent, yes. The runner is born either a sprinter or a stayer. Physical build, and length of muscle fibres are determined largely at birth, as is the heart muscle. Speed possibility is inborn, so is one's physical type—greyhound or draught horse. Of course, all can be developed by laborious conditioning.

What are the limits to human endurance? The limits are physiological. An increase of 10 per cent. when approaching one's maximum requires more than twice the effort. Obviously, such an output is impossible. Realisation of this impossibility has led to an even output of energy throughout a long race. It's the pace that kills, so spread your energies evenly.

What are the essential factors in a record-breaking mile? There is little new in technique, but there must be perfect ease of style. The human element—a clear run throughout the race, essential guts, competitive stimulus and being right "on your day," long years of incessant training and single-souled enthusiasm, amounting to fanaticism, are the secrets.





## TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET,  
SYDNEY.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Members will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, 9th May, 1945, at 8 o'clock p.m.

### BUSINESS :

- (a) To confirm Minutes of Annual General Meeting of Members held on the 10th May, 1944.
- (b) To adopt the Annual Report, Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and accompanying Statements for the year ended 28th February, 1945.
- (c) To elect a Chairman.  
Mr. W. W. Hill retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (d) To elect a Treasurer.  
Mr. S. E. Chatterton retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (e) To elect Four Members to serve on the Committee for Two Years.  
Messrs. A. G. Collins, J. Hickey, J. H. O'Dea and F. G. Underwood are the retiring Members of the Committee, all of whom are eligible for re-election and offer themselves accordingly.
- (f) To elect an Auditor or Auditors.  
Messrs. Horley & Horley and Starkey & Starkey retire, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (g) To transact any other business that may be brought before the Meeting in accordance with the Rules of the Club.

N.B.—Nominations for the office of Chairman, Treasurer, or Member of Committee, signed by two Members, and with the written consent of the Nominee endorsed thereon, must be handed to the Secretary twenty-one days at least previous to the Annual General Meeting.

Nominations for Auditors must be lodged not later than 12 noon, 30th April, 1945.

26th March, 1945.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

Mr. J. Eaton has given the requisite notice that at the Annual General Meeting of Members to be held on the 9th May, 1945, he will move the following motions:—

- (a) That it be a recommendation to the Committee that in future preference to nominations for membership be given to applications from Members' sons who have served or are at present serving in the Army, Navy, Air Force or Merchant Navy.
- (b) That in view of the accepted principle of preference to returned soldiers for employment, it be a recommendation to the Committee that this Club follow the same course to a limited extent in electing members by filling vacancies as they occur equally between applications already in hand and any applications received from returned servicemen.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.



# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

What is Meant by Striking "Half Ball"? — How to Gain and Keep Control — World's Snooker Champion Makes Glorious Fluke.

"Strike the object-ball half ball," said one member to another during a recent game of billiards.

"You always say something like that," was the reply, "but what exactly do you mean by 'half ball' contacts?"

That sort of conversation has been going on since the game of billiards was born.

"It is a time-worn phrase, sounds pretty good and knowledgeable and usually has the desired effect of making the other party offer his thanks, but still mystified.

Half-ball shots are played as "control" strokes.

They enable the man behind the cue to force the object ball into desired position for following shots.

This applies especially to losing hazard play into the centre pockets. George Gray, one-time 1,000-break wizard, was adept at the half-ball in-off into centre pocket.

In the diagram reproduced the effect is clearly shown.

The first stroke into the right-hand centre pocket brings the object ball back into easy scoring position, whereas had the shot been played

with a "fine" sight the red would have skidded away to the opposite side of the table.

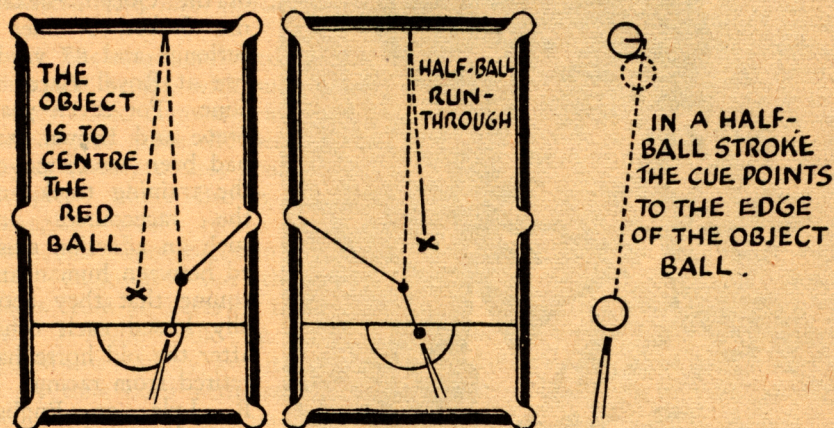
The second stroke brings it back positionally correct for the third shot. That is how breaks are run up by champions. The losing hazard play referred to is by far the best for amateurs to attempt.

It will teach them cue control, ball control and angle-throw, as well as "strength," which is a necessary in-

He plays every phase of the game as a separate entity.

Let him get any given position on the table and he knows exactly what to do to keep it.

Amateurs are too often satisfied so long as they score, and pay no heed to what follows. That is the worst brand of game possible. It comes about, too, by playing "half-ball" shots without knowing what the term really means.



gradient to success. The diagram at the end shows exactly what a half-ball contact really calls for.

Follow the dotted line carefully and you will note it goes straight through the cue-ball in a dead line to the edge of the object ball.

The ghost ball shows the position of the two balls at the moment of contact.

Get a mental photograph of that bit of billiard ballistics ingrained in to your mind and you will find the game loses many of its pitfalls for beginners.

Champions get to the top by playing the shot for hours at a time. That is how important it really is.

Even Walter Lindrum, greatest cueist ever, spends a measure of time at daily practice, playing this shot alone. He always gets desired results because of such concentration.

He does not "jazz" all over the table playing all manner of shots and calling it "practice."

Players will find the diagrams very helpful if they follow the advice and aim at the results shown by the dotted lines indicating the object-ball travel.



## Going Grey?

Sydney Hairdresser reveals simple home remedy to darken grey hair

Mr. Len. Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of ORLEX COMPOUND and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

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# THE PASSING OF STEVE DONOGHUE

## Comparisons between he and Archer

(By A. Knight, "Musket.")

The death of the English ex-jockey, Steve Donoghue, reported on Thursday, March 23, removes from the turf world one of the greatest riders of all time. If not the most successful rider, he was certainly

Australian jockey, Bernard Carlsake, the latter said to him: "Steve Donoghue can find out more about what is left in his horse with his little finger than most men can with their legs and whip."



FRED ARCHER.

without a peer as a horseman, having that unique gift of gaining the confidence of horses he rode, and thereby becoming quite friendly with them. It was Donoghue who often rode that beautiful mare, Diadem, trained by the Hon. George Lambton; and in the latter's book, "Men and Horses I Have Known," he wrote: "Stephen is a great lover of horses, but I am sure Diadem held first place in his affections, and she thoroughly reciprocated it. I have seen her after a hard race, as he unsaddled her, turn round and rub her nose against his hands, more like a dog than a horse. Win or lose, you could not have made Stephen hit her for anything in the world."

On another occasion, when George Lambton was talking to the

Then there was his association with that superb old stayer, Brown Jack, winner for six years in succession of the Queen Alexandra Stakes, 2 miles 6 furlongs and 85 yards, run at Royal Ascot in June. For seven years Steve and Brown Jack had been associated on the training track and the racecourse, and such an affection existed between human and equine that they actually kissed each other after the old horse had retired from racing. F. R. Lyle, an English journalist, in his book, "Brown Jack," relates a

meeting between horse and rider at the owner's

home: "... Then Steve Donoghue came forward, and I shall never forget how the old horse pricked his ears and, when the great jockey spoke to him, pushed his head forward and licked his face from ear to ear, from chin to forehead; and then, when Donoghue mounted him, how he braced himself and seemed to grow in stature, as he had done before so many races."

Donoghue began life as a stable lad under the great northern trainer, Dobson Peacock. "After listening

to my pleadings, he was very kind and gave me a job as a stable lad. It was here I learnt to ride. The first time I sat on a horse I sat with the same short-legged seat which I have used throughout my career. It was my natural seat. At that time English racecourses were dominated by American jockeys who, with Tod Sloan at their head, had completely altered the English method of riding and race-riding. Sloan's seat was actually shorter than mine, simply because, like me, he was naturally a short-legged jockey. But in his case he climbed right up on the horse's neck during a race, whereas, I sat still as a bird."

In his book, "Donoghue Up," Steve, who had run away from home as a youngster, had told Peacock his name was Smith; and on learning that a census was being taken by the police, "I saw it would be impossible to remain in the stable as Smith; so I packed up and left. ... It was my determination to become a great jockey, and that childish determination one day brought



STEVE DONOGHUE.



me to Newmarket, the mecca of every boy who wants to be a jockey. With a little pleading and a lot of nerve, I managed to be taken into the stables of Alfred Sadler. . . . For some time the vision of being a jockey, of riding in the same races as the great Tod Sloan, loomed large in my child-mind."

Some time later Donoghue went to Chantilly, France, and it was there he rode his first winner. "After that, my quiet, forward seat, my non-use of the whip, and whatever it was that caused horses to go kindly for me, caused owners to offer me plenty of rides in public, and I began to do well."

From that time until his retirement in 1937 to become a trainer, Donoghue became a popular idol with the racing public, and the cry, "Come on, Steve!" could often be heard, especially when he and old Brown Jack were leading the field in the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot. When the old wonder won the Alexandra Stakes for the sixth and last time at ten years of age, the scene at Ascot was described by the author of "Brown Jack": "I have never seen such a sight anywhere, and especially at Ascot, as I was privileged to see when Brown Jack went past the winning post. Eminently-respectable old ladies in the



*BROWN JACK celebrates his 21st birthday at Market Harborough. The famous racehorse is being petted by Lady Zia Wernber, whose husband raced the champion with such brilliant success.*

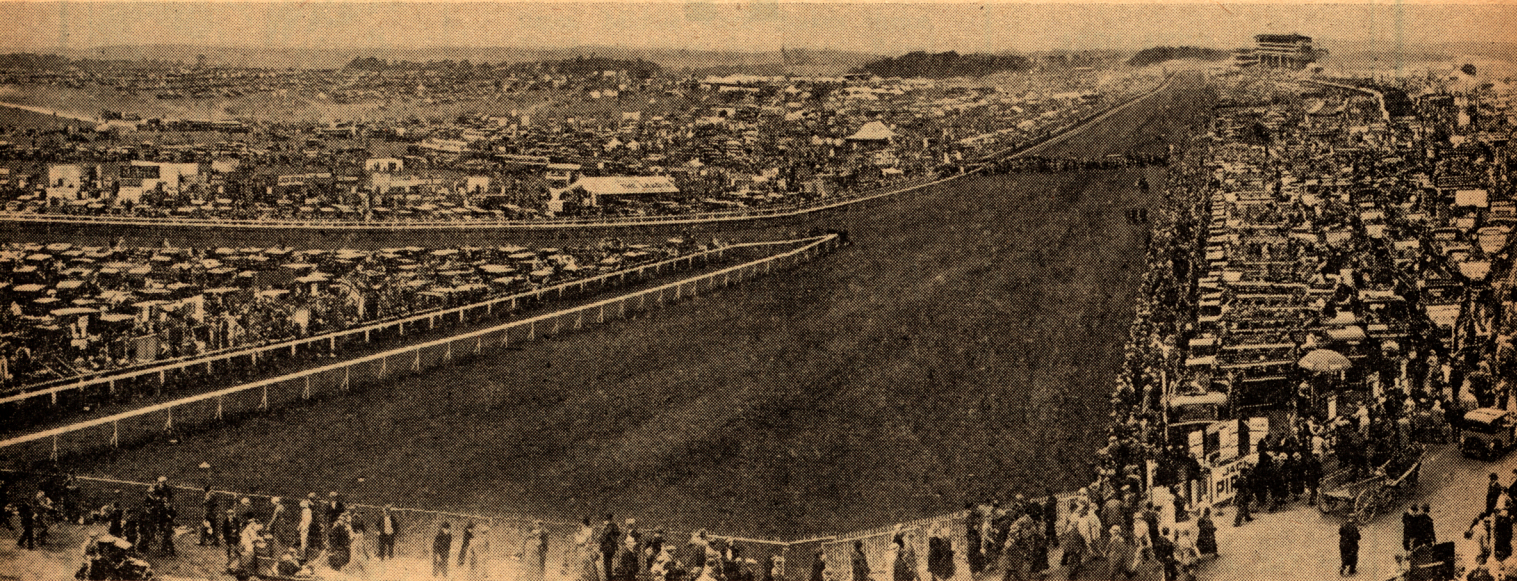
Royal Enclosure gathered up their skirts and began, with such dignity as they could command in their excitement, to make the best of their way as quickly as they could towards the place where Brown Jack and Donoghue would return after the race. Hats were raised in the air in every enclosure, and there were cheers from all parts of the course. Such a scene could be witnessed only in this country, and it has never in my time been witnessed here in such intensity. The unsaddling enclosure to which Brown Jack was returning for the sixth time after

winning this race was surrounded many times deep . . . As I have recorded before, I have never seen anything like it at all before on a racecourse. I hope that I shall see it again, but I doubt whether, in my time, or in anyone else's time, a horse will win this historic race for six years in succession."

#### Donoghue and Archer Compared.

That Steve was really a great rider, in addition to being a superb horseman, admits of no argument. In the classics he was three times successful in the Two Thousand Guineas, once in the One Thousand, six times in the Derby (thrice in succession—a record), twice in The Oaks, and twice in the St. Leger. But whether he was the greatest rider of the English turf is open to doubt, though he may have been really great before Gordon Richards came into the limelight.

In my opinion, the most successful jockey of the English turf—or any other turf, for that matter—was Fred Archer, who took his own life in 1886, after a severe bout of typhoid fever. Gordon Richards is and Steve Donoghue was, both little men, able to go to scale at about 7st. 9lb.; while Fred Archer has been described by the author of "Men and Horses I Have Known":



#### THE SCENE OF DONOGHUE'S GREATEST TRIUMPHS.

*A panoramic view of the famous Epsom Racecourse, where Steve Donoghue created a record by winning the English Derby on six occasions, three of them in succession. The photo. pictures the start of the great race. Tattenham Corner is at the extreme right, in the dim distance.*



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"about 5ft. 10in. in height, with a wonderfully slim and graceful figure, and remarkably small hands and feet. . . . No one seeing him for the first time would have put him down as a jockey or suspected that such tremendous energy lurked in that frail body. It was that untiring energy which was the secret of his great success, leaving no stone unturned to achieve the one object of his life—the winning of races. From the beginning of the racing season to the end, health, leisure, and pleasure were sacrificed. Walking nearer 11st. than 10st. in the winter, he was always ready for the opening of the racing season at 8st. 10lb. He had a Turkish bath in his own house, and used some medicine which went by the name of 'Archer's Mixture.' I tried it myself when I was riding races, and from my own experience I should say it was made of dynamite."

The above will give some idea of the life Archer had to live in order to continue as a jockey. Fred Archer—or Frederick James Archer, to give him his full name—was born in Cheltenham, England, on January 11, 1857. Archer's father was a well-known cross-country rider. He kept the King's Arms at Prest-

wick, and it was there that Fred received his first lessons in riding on a famous galloway named Chord, which his father had won in a raffle. In 1867 Fred was apprenticed to Mathew Dawson, at Newmarket, for a term of five years, and on September 28, 1870, he sported silk in public for the first time, when he steered Athol Daisy to victory at Chesterfield, his weight being 6st. 5lb. It is stated, however, that his first winning mount was on a pony belonging to a lady. His success during every stage of his career was enormous. To have had 8084 mounts and 2748 wins is a record such as no other jockey can show. He headed the list of winning jockeys from 1873 to 1885, and at the time of his tragic death in 1886 was still at the summit. His average was a shade better than one win for every three mounts.

Here are some of his most important wins. He rode five Derby winners, six in the St. Leger, four in the Two Thousand Guineas, four in The Oaks, and two in the One Thousand; while he had three winning rides in the Grand Prix de Paris, and two in the French Derby. He won the City and Suburban five times, Great Metropolitan once, Cesarewitch twice, Woodcote Stakes six times, Clearwell Stakes eight times, Middle Park Stakes thrice, Dewhurst Plate five times, Royal Hunt Cup twice, Prince of Wales Stakes (Ascot) thrice, Alexandra Plate twice, Goodwood Stewards' Cup twice, Great Ebor Handicap twice, Champagne Stakes seven times, Portland Plate twice, Liverpool Autumn Cup thrice, and many of the other important races once.

The last time he rode a winner was in the black, white and red of his old master, Lord Falmouth, the race being the Houghton Stakes, and the horse Blanchland. On eight different occasions he rode more than 200 winners in a season, and it has to be remembered that there were not nearly so many opportunities for Archer as Donoghue and Richards enjoyed. For instance, when Richards rode 249 winners he had 300 more mounts than Archer had the year he was first past the post 246 times.

As Archer's performances in the saddle still remain incomparable, a record of his 17 years as a jockey, from apprentice days till the time of his death, should be of interest:

Year.	Mounts.	Wins.
1870	15	2
1871	40	3
1872	180	27
1873	422	104
1874	530	147
1875	605	172
1876	662	207
1877	602	218
1878	619	229
1879	568	197
1880	362	120
1881	532	220
1882	560	210
1883	631	232
1884	577	241
1885	667	246
1886	512	170
	8084	2748

It will, therefore, be seen that, from the time he first rode as an apprentice until his death in 1886, Archer had the stupendous average of 33.4 per cent. of winners. When Richards passed Archer's aggregate of winners his percentage that year was 27.63. That should give some idea of what a master-jockey Archer was.

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# SPORT INTEREST QUICKENS

## News from around the world

Approach of the war's end is reflected in a revival of interest in all forms of sport. Mechanical and scientific developments will not be without a good deal of influence. Culled from the news from all parts are some interesting items.

### Record Draft From N.Z.

Australian owners not only paid record prices this year for yearlings in Sydney and Melbourne, but they exceeded all previous figures in New Zealand.

In all, thirty lots were secured in January by buyers from this side of the Tasman at a cost which exceeded 25,000 guineas.

This is the greatest number purchased by Australians since the N.Z. sales were instituted 19 years ago, and the aggregate also is a record.

Post-war years should provide some great racing in the Commonwealth, particularly when interstate competition can be resumed. Those will be the days.

### U.S.A. Racing Ban Costly.

Latest reports from U.S.A. suggest that the ban imposed on racing in January has been most unpopular, and has not been without a certain amount of hardship.

There is a growing conviction that with the approach of V-Day in Europe, the ban will be lifted.

Some idea of the hardship which can be caused by drastic interference with racing is conveyed by figures and facts published in America recently. It is estimated that the ban on racing in America put about 1800 jockeys out of their usual vocation.

It has also ended for the time being the racing of some 5000 horses. The jockeys' yearly earnings have been put at an average of 10,000 dollars, with the leading riders as high as 90,000 dollars.

About 15,000 men were employed in stables, about 10,000 on stud farms, and another 10,000 as racing officials, including totalisator hands. Before racing was banned it was reported that there was a dearth of boys to ride on the tracks, in spite of the pay of four dollars an hour.

### Televising Sporting Fixtures.

Although the B.B.C. is going ahead with plans for televising big

sporting events, the governing bodies concerned might not be particularly keen to co-operate.

It is expected that a statement will shortly be made about the possibility of televising the important events, such as the Derby and the Cup Final.

Post-war television plans are, according to the B.B.C., likely to be made known shortly, when the Government Commission's report on the subject is expected to be available.

We understand that manufacturers have given assurances that they can go into production immediately with television sets which can be sold to the public at £30 a price which would seem to make televised programmes a really practical proposition.

The B.B.C. has already lent colour to the suggestion that this country is all set to recapture the supreme position it held in television just before the war, by the announcement that the Alexandra Palace equipment is in perfect shape and ready to recommence transmission.

The attitude of the Government Commission towards sport and the reaction of the Football Association, Jockey Club, and other governing bodies towards the televising of the big sporting events and their possible influence on attendances and gate receipts is a matter which may have a profound influence.

### No Derby At Epsom This Year.

There is no likelihood of the Derby being run on the famous downs at Epsom this year, even if the war comes to an early conclusion.

No start on repairs to the stands and course equipment has yet been possible. Six months at least, it is estimated, would be required before racing could take place.

"There is no possibility of the Derby being run here this year, and

we are not even thinking about it," said Mr. C. J. Langlands, Clerk of the Course.

The five war-time Derbys have been run at Newmarket. Original entries were cancelled, and the races reopened.

This year the original entries stand, but the Jockey Club can order the race to be run on any course selected by the stewards, and within 28 days of the advertised date.

### Whirlaway's First Foal Came Early.

Practical horsemen will hardly agree with Mr. Charles F. Fisher, who proposes racing Whirlaway's first colt foal with the disadvantage of a year in age.

For Whirlaway, the champion stake-winning racehorse of all time, is the sire of a bay colt.

Named First Whirl, the colt was foaled at the Calumet Farm, Exlington, Kentucky. He arrived at a most unusual time—December 30. This means that he was in the strange position of being a year old when he had been only three days in this world, due to the fact that January 1 is the universal birthday for all thoroughbreds.

The colt's dam is Mary V, daughter of High Time. Both sire and dam belong to Charles F. Fisher, the motor-car magnate, who owns the Dixiana Farm.

Mr. Fisher says he will run the colt in 1946 if he seems strong and big enough to run against the crop of two-year-olds.

If he goes well he will be entered in the Kentucky Derby, for which his sire set a new track record when winning in 1941.

### Course Broadcasts Not Wanted.

Australian racegoers have become so accustomed to course broadcasts that a unanimous decision by the Racing Reorganisation Committee in England against any form of audible broadcasting is amazing.

The committee's report added that broadcasting during the run-



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ning of a race would lead to confusion, another peculiar decision.

Loud course broadcasts in Australia have caused horses to shy and lose winning chances, but this soon has been remedied.

The report in England is not of necessity binding.

Broadcasts were instituted at the main pony course at Northolt Park in 1937, and were successful from their inception.

Opponents of the scheme soon were converted, but the scheme was not adopted on Jockey Club courses. From present indications there will be a fight to introduce the broadcasting on courses controlled by the senior body in England.

#### National Stud for Ireland.

The Government in Eire has decided to take action for improvement of bloodstock and hunter breeding, and a Bill for this purpose will shortly be introduced in the Dail. Dr. Ryan, Minister for Agriculture, has informed the Bloodstock Breeders and Horse-Owners' Association of Ireland that the Bill will also provide for the establishment of a National Stud.

It will also have certain provisions in connection with racing, with the aim of making racing cheaper for the owner and for the provision of better prize money. This money, it appears, will be found through the operation of the totalisator.

Requests have been made to the Government to have the best fillies

kept in the country, either by subsidy or otherwise, but the Minister says no decision has been reached on these matters. He suggests something may be possible through the agency of the new National Stud.

He hoped to make use of the best sires available at reasonable fees through the National Stud, so that there would be more in the industry for the breeders.

#### Jumping Events After Five Years.

National Hunt racing resumed at Windsor, in England, on February 10 after having been banned since March, 1940.

Results proved that punters have no difficulty if form is entirely negligible, for six favourites won during the eleven-event programme.

No fewer than 192 horses contested the eleven events, and the programme was something of a record in every way.

The most interesting feature of the day was that it was the first jumping meeting attended by many of the younger patrons.

Many of the lads and lasses in service uniforms were too young to be interested in racing when jumping fixtures were forcibly abandoned because of the blitz, and they found a new and enjoyable interest.

#### Racing in Italy.

Races were being held in Florence last June when Allied troops were busy liberating Rome. Trotting also has been maintained.

Recently a British staff officer, writing to London, reported: "I have been approached by the Italian Jockey Club to release a racecourse, in the hope of starting some racing here in the spring. This I have managed to do. They expect to include two or three jumping events, with a number on the flat, and hope to get 40 or 50 horses down from Florence.

"There are about 40-odd animals near Rome, but all in very poor condition. I went to see some of them on Caparelle Racecourse. The best bloodstock is in the north.

"The stud where Nearco was foaled (or reared), about 15 miles north of Rome, was sadly ransacked by the Germans before they left. There were 80-odd mares and foals, but the enemy stole 30 of the best. The stud manager shot the old favourites to save them from a worse fate. Now there are about 25 mares and foals, but mostly of no account.

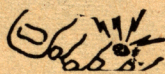
"From all accounts, the stud is owned in partnership by Signor Federico Tesio.

"Huge crowds attend the trotting, and also the dogs. The horses look well.

"Rome Polo Club, the only one south of the Po, managed to hide most of its ponies, and by the hospitality of several prominent members, many British officers had a few chukkas up to Christmas Day."

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# The Bull Moose Grinned at Me

By Commander A. B. Campbell, of the B.B.C. "Brains Trust."

(Condensed from London Daily Paper, "The Star.")

WHAT is the explanation of some people's amazing influence over animals? Several experiences I have had have convinced me that most creatures have a sixth sense which tells them whether the intruder, in the shape of man, is a foe or friend.

They also know by instinct if you are afraid of them, and, if so, they speedily take advantage of it.

I have been told by Canadian Indians never to lose sight of the fact that an animal is just as startled as you are, and probably just as frightened.

If you show no fear, this is conveyed to the animal by a kind of mental telepathy. It certainly happened to me once.

I was travelling alone through poor country in North-West Canada known as the Bad Lands. Miles and miles of dead trees lie criss-crossing each other in a perfect maze. Whole forests have been burned by fires, and a vast area of "deadfalls" is the result.

It is impossible to cut a trail through these dead trees, and the only way to get along is to travel on the tops of them, jumping from bole to bole. If you are lucky, you may travel miles without touching the ground.

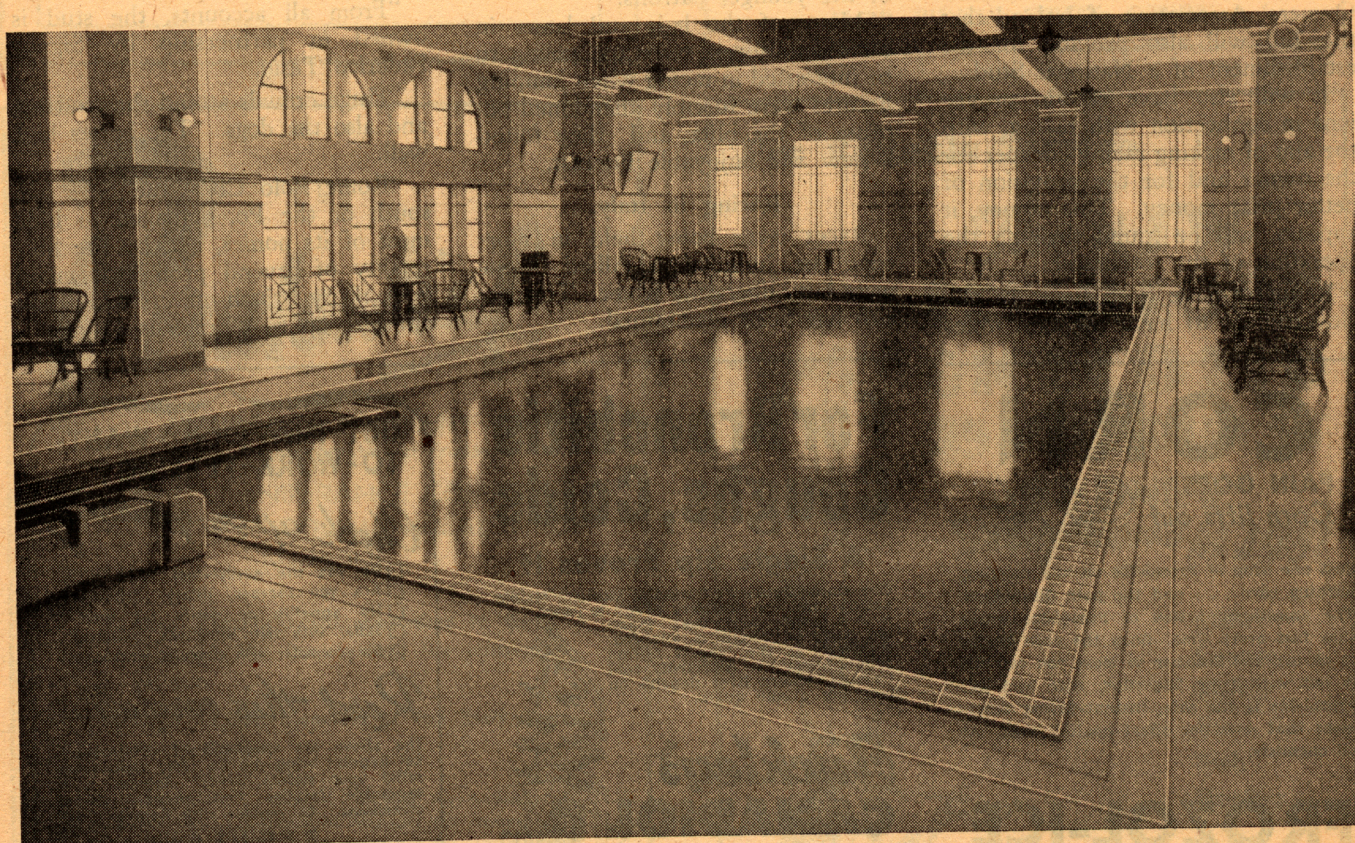
I had made good progress for about a mile or so when I came to a gap of some fifteen feet, which was too far for a standing jump.

Looking down, I saw what appeared at a quick glance to be a nice log, conveniently placed as a stepping-stone to the earth.

Without a second thought I leapt down on to it. To my surprise it seemed to have springs in it, and I could swear I heard a grunt. I looked as soon as I was on the ground, and to my astonishment the "log" was slowly rising.

In a second I saw what it was. An old bull moose had chosen this spot for a snooze. I wonder what he thought when his slumber was so rudely disturbed as I plumped on to him.

We were in a small, open space, with fallen trees like walls around



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us. The animal looked at me. I remained perfectly motionless and looked at him.

Then, believe me, his lips curled over his teeth in a grin, he lowered his superb antlers and, placing one point under a dead branch, he hoisted it up—and strolled off, apparently quite unconcerned.

Many years ago—more, probably, than I care to remember—I was serving in one of His Majesty's ships.

We were stationed in a port on the South Coast. One day a letter arrived from the governor of a prison close at hand, saying that if any of the officers would like to see over the prison he would be pleased to conduct them.

The chaplain and the doctor accepted, and asked me to go with them. Off we set one morning, and duly arrived at the gates of a forbidding-looking place miles from anywhere.

While the governor was showing us round I noticed a small man who appeared to enjoy more liberty than the others. I commented on this, and the governor told us his story.

Some months previously the governor had bought a horse, intending to hunt. It was a lovely animal, and he thought he had got a bargain, but when he got the creature in his stable he saw the reason for its cheapness—the horse was so vicious that no one could shoe it.

The prison blacksmith nearly lost his life trying to do so; the horse had shot a vicious look at him, turned back its ears, and lashed out with such force that the stable door was smashed.

It so happened that the prisoners were taking exercise in the yard at the time and the little man asked the warder what was the matter. When the warder explained, he put in a request to see the governor.

At the interview, the little man said: "I understand, sir, that you have a horse that no one can handle."

"That is so," said the governor, "what do you know about it?"

"You know what I'm in for, sir, don't you?"

"Yes, some fraud connected with the turf."

"I've spent all my life among horses," said the little man. "Give me the chance, and I'll tame that horse of yours."

The governor looked at him. Something about his earnestness seemed to ring true.

"If I give you a chance you will do so entirely at your own risk," the governor said. "The horse is vicious and has nearly killed two of my men."

"You leave it to me, sir—I can look after myself," was the reply.

The next day the man was taken into the yard. The smithy was got in readiness; the forge was glowing.

As soon as the little man reached the yard he did a strange thing. He began running round the yard until he was in a sweat. Then he made for the stable, flung open the door, and darted inside, pulling the door shut behind him.

The governor and the other on-lookers expected to hear a shrill neigh of defiance and see the door bashed open and the little man come flying out.

But all was quiet, and in a few minutes the door was opened by the little man, who led the horse out, holding it only by one ear, which he had great difficulty in reaching.

"Get ready," the little man called to the smith, "I'll bring him along in a few minutes." And after leading the horse round the yard

for a few times, he took it across to the forge and fondled and carressed it while it was shod.

The governor finished his story, then called to the little man: "Bring out your pet and show his tricks."

The prisoner walked to the stable door and led out a splendid creature. Then he sat on a box, and placing a lump of sugar in his lips, called the horse by its pet name.

The creature came up behind the man on the box, reared up on its hind legs and dropped its forelegs on to the knees of the sitting man. Then the horse bent its neck and took the lump of sugar from the man's lips as gently as a child. It really was an amazing feat.

I talked to the prisoner afterwards, and he told me a strange thing. He told me how, before he went into the stable the first time, he had run round the yard until he sweated.

"Then," said the little man, "I went into the stable and held my sweat-covered hands to the horse's nostrils. In a few seconds he was trembling, and I could do what I liked with him. No horse can stand against the strong smell of man."

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# The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

## Pelorus Jack : Fact and Fancy

WITH THE APPEARANCE in Pelorous Sound (N.Z.) of Pelorus Jack II., after the disappearance of Pelorus Jack I., the Sydney Press has been speculating on the fate of the latter. The following article by a New Zealander mixes fact with fancy interestingly:

Pelorus Jack was not killed by a vandal. Any person who had levelled a weapon upon Jack from a vessel moving up or down Pelorus Sound would have been torn limb from limb before he could pull the trigger. And I hesitate to say that my old friend is dead. According to a Maori tradition, he was not the original white dolphin of the Sound.

No. 1 used to pilot war canoes in those waters far back, as an ancient chief at Porirua told me.

It all started with a beautiful girl named Terawai, who was married against her will to a bad egg for intertribal political reasons. After a while he grew tired of her and took her for a ride in his canoe. He conveyed her across Cook Strait and marooned her on Kapiti Island, returning with a yarn that she had fallen out of the canoe and been drowned, as well as her two dogs, which had accompanied her.

Terawai decided to try and swim the stormy strait. Throwing off her mat, she called the dogs and started. Off shore, the animals hesitated, and

were turned to stone on the spot. I've often seen them, so nobody need doubt the tradition.

Half-way across Terawai's strength failed, and she called on the old gods for help. Immediately, there nosed under her shoulder a splendid white dolphin, and he bore her along at terrific speed.

When she reached her husband's hapu or village, the people were all away fishing. Calling on the gods again, she asked a vengeance on them. The sky grew black, the wind howled, the sea became mountainous. Never a canoe returned.

But there was a happy ending for Terawai. She married her dolphin, and Pelorus Jack was born. . . . So one has to be cautious in making hasty statements as to the whereabouts of a member of that mysterious family.

## RACING FIXTURES—1945

### APRIL.

A.J.C. ....	Monday, 2nd
A.J.C. ....	Saturday, 7th
Rosehill ....	Saturday, 14th
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 21st
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 28th

### MAY.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Saturday, 5th
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 12th
Hawkesbury ....	Saturday, 19th
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 26th

### JUNE.

Rosehill ....	Saturday, 2nd
Rosebery ....	Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. ....	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. ....	Saturday, 23rd
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 30th

### JULY.

Rosehill ....	Saturday, 7th
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. ....	Saturday, 21st
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 28th

### AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Saturday, 4th
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 11th
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 18th
Red Cross Meeting (Randwick),	Saturday, 25th

### SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 1st
Tattersall's ....	Saturday, 8th
Rosehill ....	Saturday, 15th
Hawkesbury ....	Saturday, 22nd
A.J.C. ....	Saturday, 29th

### OCTOBER.

A.J.C. ....	Saturday, 6th
A.J.C. ....	Saturday, 13th
City Tattersall's ....	Saturday, 20th
Rosebery ....	Saturday, 27th

### NOVEMBER.

Rosehill ....	Saturday, 3rd
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 10th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Saturday, 17th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Saturday, 24th

### DECEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 1st
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 8th
Sydney Turf Club ....	Saturday, 15th
A.J.C. ....	Saturday, 22nd
A.J.C. ....	Wednesday, 26th
Tattersall's ....	Saturday, 29th



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**I**N the Nandewar Range of mountains, some 24 miles east of Narrabri, stands Mount Kaputar, a great sentinel, 5,008 feet in height, from the loftiest peak of which can be seen at night the lights of Narrabri, Moree, Barraba and Boggabri.

During the expedition of exploration in 1832, Major Mitchell and his party reached the site of Narrabri and pitched camp three miles east of the land whereon the railway line stands today. This expedition was the result

of a highly imaginative story told by a convict, George Clarke, captured after his escape from custody during which time he had been living with the native aborigines. Clarke averred that he had followed along a large river called the Kindur and that later he had come upon the sea shore and stood upon a beach.

After reaching the Narrabri of today, Mitchell has recorded in his diary a picturesque description:—

"A great range formed a sublime horizon on the east. The dead silence of the solitary plains around me was broken by the sounds of a distant thunder storm which was then exhausting itself on the Nandewar Range, while the sun was setting in perfect tranquility on the unbroken horizon of the west."

In 1846 Major Mitchell again passed through Narrabri on his return from exploring the head waters of the Barcoo River. He brought to Narrabri a new kind of perennial grass which was to be highly prized in future years and which has been named for him—Mitchell's grass.

It is now over 100 years since Major Mitchell's introduction of the grass to Narrabri which has since spread throughout the plains north-west of the town.

Almost immediately on the heels of Mitchell's first mission of exploration came the first settlers. Patrick Quinn arrived at the end of 1832 and took up the "Killarney" run of 150,000 acres; later, in 1836, he sold the holding to A. Doyle.

Then, between 1840 and 1870 came Joseph Dexter, Christopher West, C. Humphries, A. Munro, J. Lillyman, P. M. Waddy, G. Lovedee, Dr. L. Legol and Dr. E. M. de Lepervanche.

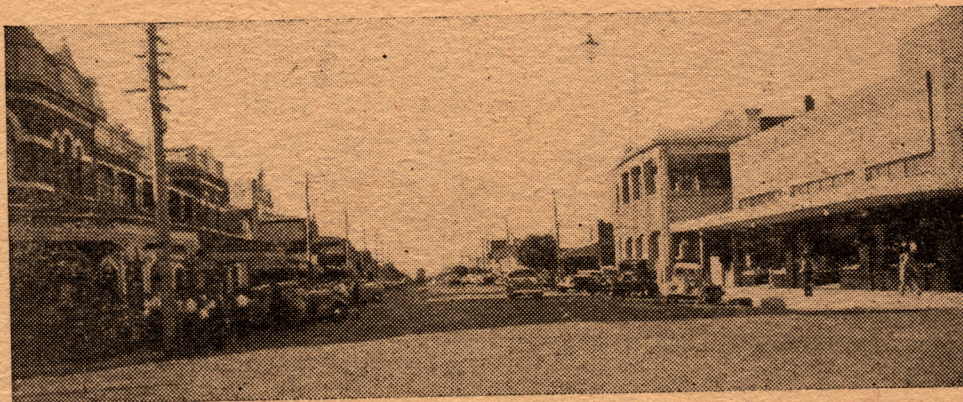
Also may be mentioned among the old squatter families, the Taylors of Dobykin, the Capps of Millie, the Brodies of Boolcarrol, the Gordons of Edgeroi, the Browns of Tarriaro, the Mosleys of Tibbereena and the Buchanans of Killarney.

The name of the town appeared first in the Australian Almanac in 1858 under the Police District of Wee Waa.

As a settlement or township it was listed for the first time in the Almanac of 1864 where it was spelt "Narribri."

Some authorities give the meaning of the name as "big creek"; others assert that in the language of certain native tribes it means, "a little mountain on a plain", thus nar (small) ra (mountain) and bri (a plain). Then again it is averred that the name comes from Narra, a forked stick, and bria, water, "the forked waters". In support of this view it is pointed out that Narrabri is on the Narrabri Creek, an ana-branch of the Namoi River.

The badge of the Narrabri High School bears out this theory, as it incorporates a forked stick on a "wavy" background.



## NARRABRI

The early difficulties surrounding transport cannot be imagined today nor can the utter loneliness of the shepherds tending their flocks on the vast runs of those pioneer days. The overseer with his cart-load of rations would be the only white visitor in a week—for the main part the shepherd shared the solitude with the sheep and his dog.

The beginnings of Narrabri were due, as in so many other cases in this State, to the suitability of the river crossing, where the teamsters camped and where a bark inn was erected. This bark humpy was the first building on the site of Narrabri—following the inn came more bark humpies, a smithy and a store.

In 1856 a site for the town was proclaimed and three years later Surveyor Dewhurst produced a design for its subdivision. The year 1864 brought a great and disastrous flood; unfortunately by their very nature the plains are liable to floods of which there have been many of a serious nature.

A word picture given by an eye-witness in 1866 presents a graphic description of the Narrabri of that time:—

"A clearing in the bush made a kind of avenue of approach and all of a sudden Narrabri was entered. It consisted of a long straggling street stretching for nearly a mile and the air was redolent of the aroma of the Gunnedah pine with which most of the habitations were built."

So remote was the Narrabri of those days that the nearest newspaper published was at Tamworth, over 100 miles distant.

However, by 1866 there was established at Narrabri a public hospital, school, post and money order office and police barracks. The population at this time totalled about 96 persons.

A newspaper, "The Narrabri Herald", was published first in 1874 and in the November of that year the Editor made reference in the paper to a fine crop of wheat on Mr. Barker's property, "Gundamain".

Three years before this time splendid crops had been grown on the island farm known as "The Dairy" and in 1879 wheat grown on the farm of Mr. Charles Collins at Deep Creek was found to have stalks nearly 7 feet in height, bearing richly-laden heads estimated to yield 50 bushels to the acre.

In 1876 the first Show of the Namoi Pastoral, Agricultural and Horticultural Association was held with Mr. A. J. Doyle as President.

The original rail-head was Singleton and the journey to Narrabri in those earlier days was a toilsome experience involving 2½ days in a lumbering, uncomfortable coach for there were no formed roads beyond Willow Tree. Gradually the rail-head advanced to Murrurundi, thence to Gundah and finally to Narrabri West and in

October 1882, Sir John Robertson officially opened the line to Narrabri.

Narrabri became the centre of the vast north-west; forwarding agencies were established and hundreds of great table-top waggons drawn by teams of bullocks or horses came and went.

The inns increased to the number of 27 and the general public was catered for by large coaching firms including the famous Cobb & Co.

In 1883 the town was proclaimed a Municipality with Charles Collins, who founded the business of Collins & Co., as first Mayor; Mr. Collins later became the parliamentary representative for the district.

In 1903 the first permanent flour mill was established by A. R. Stafford, the business later being taken over by Keys & Co.

Today in the Narrabri district there are many thousands of acres under wheat and records show that the yield is comparable with that anywhere in the State.

In addition to wheat, experience has shown that maize, potatoes and indeed all kinds of vegetables grow well in Narrabri.

The district carries many sheep, horses and cattle—in particular sheep, which number several hundreds of thousands. Between 30 and 40 years ago development of the export market in sheep encouraged the introduction of cross-breeds and today most graziers combine wool-growing with fattening.

Narrabri has three natural features which in time will bring her fame and fortune and these are—the Pilliga Scrub, the artesian and sub-artesian water, and Mount Kaputar.

In the heart of the second largest Shire in New South Wales, the Namoi Shire, the town of Narrabri can boast of well-made streets, of commodious public buildings, of parks, of modern hotels and of electric light and power.

The district is in very fact the centre of a wide and prosperous area and the junction of lines that radiate to the Queensland border on the north and to the River Darling on the west.

The Narrabri of today speaks eloquently of the valiant efforts of our pioneer settlers who wrested ultimate prosperity from the soil. The Narrabri of the future holds even greater promise for in Narrabri there are wonderful natural resources capable of development to the utmost.



Narrabri Branch.

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